In Bed With The Devil

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/18514972.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Adam (2009), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Elizabeth Buchwald, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	One Night Stand, First Time, Pre-Canon, hallucination, Power Bottom Hannibal, Sassy Will, Drunk Will, Drunk Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Tropes Galore
Collections:	Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2019-04-19 Words: 4,813 Chapters: 1/1

In Bed With The Devil

by trashbambi

Summary

Will had been invited out for drinks by one of his colleagues from the academy, Beth Buchwald, and for once he'd accepted the offer. He was often invited and rarely went, hell, he was sure this was the first time he had. It wasn't so much the socializing that Will had been aiming for when he'd agreed to turn up this time. There was an itch that needed scratching and this was the easiest way to achieve the result he wanted.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

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It was long past everyone else having left when Will had settled in a new bar. On his 5th whiskey of the night he eyed a very handsomely dressed man at the other end of the room. The change in venue was just to make sure anyone hanging around that he knew wouldn't catch wind of what was going on. Will's private life was just that, private.

Alcohol had made him brazen enough to ask the waiter to provide the man with a glass of whatever he'd been drinking. It had been some damn expensive wine for a glass of it to cost as much as it did, but Will wanted to ensure success; so he'd pay the price.

Will watched his drink be delivered to the back corner of the room. It was a nice bar and he was sure he looked out of place in his flannel and cheap slacks. The other man stuck out just as much though, far more dressed up than the sparse number of other patrons in the bar at this time, all in fairly pricey cookie cutter suits.

As the waiter pointed out Will as the buyer of the drink, he gave the stranger a small wave and what he hoped was a charming smile, though he was certain it had just ended up looking nervous.

The man looked at him blankly for a short moment before his brows twitched upward in muted surprise. He accepted the drink and raised the glass to his nose without a word, seemingly inhaling for a moment before taking what looked like a measured sip. He placed the glass back on the table and gave Will a short nod and his fingers left the glas to make what Will could only describe as a 'come hither' motion.

Will hesitated for a moment, almost suspicious of how easily the man had taken a drink from a stranger, but took the invitation as a good sign and made his way over.

"May I?" He asked as he gestured to the seat across from Hannibal, sitting once he received a nod.

"To whom should my thanks be addressed to?" the man asked, placing the glass on the table next to his previous, empty one.

"You can address them to Will, if I'm allowed to know in return whom to address my compliments to," Will said, giving what he hoped was a charming smile, though in his slightly inebriated state it came out more of a lopsided grin.

The man's lips pursed in amusement and he leant back in his seat, raking his eyes over Will's slightly disheveled appearance. Though he'd taken pains to dress nicely, Will still wore a flannel shirt and jeans, as usual, and by this stage he was looking a little too casual.

“My name is Hannibal. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Will. May I ask what encouraged you to approach me tonight?” Hannibal said, taking another sip of wine. Will rest his elbow on the table and leaned his chin on the palm of his hand, openly admiring Hannibal’s face.

“Honestly? Alcohol. I’d usually just admire from afar, but I find myself lacking my usual aversion to socialisation right now. You’re far too handsome an opportunity to pass up.” Will winked as he mentally cursed his propensity for honesty when he had some alcohol in him. That was the kind of thing he’d never have said when sober. When drunk he tended toward near cocky confidence

“I appreciate your honesty.” Hannibal chuckled, his fingers toying with the steam of his glass. “I’d offer to buy you a drink in return, but I fear another drink may be in danger of being too many for you.”

“You’d probably be right. Sorry for being blunt but, I’d kind of hoped you might be willing to get out of here and find somewhere private to get to know each other. Just for tonight,” Will said. A wave of mortification washed over him as soon as he’d gotten the words out.

Fuck, what was he doing? Hitting on some guy in a bar who drank wine more expensive than his weekly grocery bill, and wore suits that probably cost more than his car apparently. This was the dumbest idea he’d had in a while. Will was ready to apologise and leave when Hannibal spoke, an almost fond look softening his angular face.

“I believe I’d enjoy that. I know a reputable hotel we could visit. Allow me to pay for a room there in return for this drink,” Hannibal offered. Will bit his lower lip, suddenly feeling too hot and his jeans a little tighter than before as he gave a nod of agreement.

Hannibal finished his drink and stood, the corner of his lips twitching into a smile as he turned toward the door. He smiled back at Will and as they passed the bar, pulled a few notes from a billfold in his pocket and pushed them into the tip jar. Will caught sight of the amount and blinked owlishly at Hannibal.

“Did you just tip four hundred dollars? How rich are you?” He asked, stumbling a few steps as they crossed the threshold and emerged out into the balmy summer night air.

“It’s rude to ask after someone’s wealth, Will. However I’ll indulge you in saying ‘rich enough’,” Hannibal said, leading Will toward the parking lot across the road. “Did you drive? I’ll bring you back should you need to pick up your car.”

“Oh, uh… no I got a taxi here. I knew I’d be drinking. I’d actually planned to get a motel for the night. But I guess this saves me the trouble,” Will said, not bothering to apologise for his earlier invasive question.

He let Hannibal guide him to his car and open the passenger door for him, eyes wide as he looked around the Bentley. It was spotlessly clean and smelt of warm leather. Hannibal placed a hand on Will’s leg and gave his thigh a gentle squeeze, pulling Will from his observations.

Will once again wondered just what the fuck he was doing as he reached over and grabbed Hannibal's tie, enjoying the feel of the silk against his palm in the back of his mind as he pulled him in for a proper kiss. Hannibal returned the kiss with a hum as he carefully removed Will's hand from his tie, instead holding it against his chest as his other hand slid into Will's hair.

Sharp teeth bit at Will's lower lip and he let out a groan as the flesh was tugged at, before a tongue soothed over the lightly abused flesh. The hand in his hair curled and tugged his head back by it as Hannibal's mouth descended along his jawline and down to his neck, sucking a livid mark against the skin. Will arched into it with a pleased sigh before they parted.

"Come, there's plenty of time for all of this at the hotel." Hannibal chuckled, the hand still on Will's thigh giving another squeeze before he turned to start the car. Will reclined in his seat, fingers stroking over his lips as a smile tugged at their corners.

The drive was short and quiet; barely five minutes passed before they were parking again and Hannibal was opening Will's door for him. He hoisted himself out of the seat and stumbled as he stood, giving a flustered laugh. Hannibal shot him a concerned look and places a hand against the small of Will's back to guide him.

Will did his best impression of a completely sober person, which is to say he leant against the wall to avoid tripping over his own feet, while Hannibal procured them a room, leading him to the elevators shortly after.

It was in the elevator that Will's lust got the better of him and he pressed Hannibal back against the wall, of the empty space, pressing open mouthed kisses to the patch of neck that he had access to.

"Behave, dear boy. Let's get into the privacy of our room before we start on that, hmm?" Hannibal chided, pushing Will gently back despite his amused smile. Will huffed his annoyance at being stopped, but behaved for the rest of the short journey to their room.

As they left the elevator, Will let Hannibal lead, intent on admiring his ass, only to be thwarted by the long suit jacket obscuring the view. All he could think about then was how as soon as they were inside, we was going to make sure there was nothing in the way of him getting a damn good look at the body under those clothes.

Perhaps Will was a little more drunk than he'd initially thought. He was rarely this eager or desparate for a fuck. He realised as the door to their suite closed behind him, that one of the likely reasons was that he could only feel his own need. He wasn't being swamped with the foreign feeling of someone else's emotions blanketing his own.

Will let himself be maneuvered by Hannibal in a daze as he processed this revelation. Once it had begun to sink in, Will re-focussed on the situation at hand, realising he'd been brought into the bedroom. Hannibal was standing before him, having taken his jacket off while Will was distracted. He placed his hands on Will's shoulders and gave him a troubled look.

"Perhaps you should just sleep instead, you seem more inebriated than I'd previously thought."

“No no, sorry I was just… I got lost in my thoughts,” Will said, shaking his head as he reached out, fingers easily unbuttoning Hannibal’s waistcoat. “See? I’m in… almost full control of my faculties,” he joked. Hannibal sighed and shoot him what Will assumed was an exasperated look.

Will smoothed his hands over the front of Hannibal's shirt and under the open waistcoat, sliding it off his shoulders. He felt Hannibal's muscles twitch and flex through the fabric under his hands. The waistcoat slid down Hannibal's arms and dropped to the floor with the whisper of fabric on fabric and it was quickly forgotten as Will made a start on the buttons of his shirt.

One by one he popped them through the holes and in the gap between the two halves of the shirt, Will was surprised and pleased to find a strong, hairy chest. His fingers trailed down the newly exposed flesh, following the thick trail of fuzz running down the center of Hannibal's abdomen right to the waistband of his trousers. There he stopped for a moment to lay his palm over the impressive bulge of his erection through his clothes and give it a firm rub.

The pressure had Hannibal letting out a soft huff, pressing his hips forward into the contact. Will sucked in a breath and leant in to press a kiss to Hannibal's strong neck. With Will’s hands occupied, Hannibal took up the task of divesting Will of his shirt. He took his time unfastening the buttons, slowly rocking his hips into Will’s touch all the while.

Once it was completely unfastened Will parted from Hannibal just long enough to nearly rip it from his shoulders and toss it carelessly on the ground. He did the same with Hannibal's before dropping to his knees as he fumbled at the fastenings of Hannibal's trousers. After a moment of struggling with that, Hannibal pushed his hands away with an amused sigh and did it himself. Will waited on baited breath, hands resting on Hannibal's thighs, stroking firm circles in the muscles there with his thumbs.

Will’s breath hitched as Hannibal's loose boxers tented outward more without the restriction of his trousers. Will smoothed a hand over the shape of his cock as he leaned in, mouthing at the line of the shaft through the silken fabric.

Hannibal slid a hand into Will’s curls, gripping lightly and guiding his head as he pleased. Will looked up at him with a raised brow at the action, his eyes fluttering as it earned him a sharp tug on his hair. A flash of the pendulum swinging once showed him Hannibal's need for control had him letting out a shuddering breath.

Will tugged Hannibal's underwear and trousers down completely, tongue wetting his lips as Hannibal’s cock sprung free. He wasted no time in wrapping a hand around the base and his lips around the head, tongue flicking against the slit before he began to suck. The hand in his hair forced his head forward roughly, sliding Hannibal’s cock far enough in for the head to hit the back of Will’s throat and make him gag at the sudden intrusion.

Hannibal’s upper lip twitched in a half snarl and he tugged Will’s head back, mouth pulling into a smirk as he listened to him gasp and cough. Will’s eyes watered and he looked up at Hannibal through damp lashes, cheeks flushed and lips slicked with spit.

“Finish stripping and get on the bed. On your back.” Came the order, and Will scrambled to obey with the creak of seams being pulled too taut as he practically tore his slacks and boxers off. He nearly launched himself onto the bed as soon as he was naked, shuffling up it’s length and laying back against the pillows.

By the time he’d done this Hannibal had also finished removing his clothes and was just finishing folding those that had been discarded on the floor. He turned to Will once he was done and raked his gaze over him, admiring the curve of his erection against his belly.

“Good boy,” Hannibal said, Will’s breath hitching at the praise. The mattress creaked beneath them as Hannibal joined him on the bed, kneeling over his thighs. He wrapped a hand around both their cocks together, rolling his hips slowly to drag his cock along Will’s. The dry drag of skin on sensitive skin had Will making a quiet noise of discomfort, hands gripping at Hannibal’s thighs.

“Too dry?” Hannibal asked, though didn’t stop his motions, drinking in Will’s discomfort with delight. Will got the distinct feeling Hannibal wasn’t the type to spit and make do. He cursed himself for not thinking a hookup might be possible tonight, forgoing his past habit of carrying condoms and lube. He was about to voice his concerns when Hannibal reached over beside the bed to pick up a small bottle of lubricant.

“I took the liberty of picking some supplies up from reception when I booked our room.” Hannibal’s voice was tinged with amusement and Will gave a small scowl. Hannibal merely proceeded to uncap the bottle and moved to pour a little over their cocks.

Will groaned at the now slick slide of Hannibal’s hand over the head of his cock, nails digging little half moons into Hannibal’s thighs. He pushed himself onto one elbow and reached up to pull Hannibal into a kiss.

The slow stroke of the hand on their cock’s pressing them together and tightening its grip as it reached the heads had Will feeling weak with need. He opened his mouth to Hannibal’s tongue and groaned as it met his own, sucking at the foreign muscle. Sharp teeth nipped and tugged at his lower lip as Hannibal pulled back again, head enough that Will knew it’d be sore for hours though the skin didn’t break.

Hannibal released their cocks and smeared more lube across his fingers before he reached behind himself, letting out a soft grunt as he pushed two fingers into himself. Will’s breath hitched as he realised he’d been wrong in his automatic assumption that he’d be the one bottoming; his cock twitched against Hannibal’s own in anticipation where they rest against his own belly.

“F-fuck…” Will breathed, hands sliding up Hannibal’s thighs to gip his hips, his own jerking upward. “I want to… can I watch?” he bit his lower lip as his cheeks heated at the request.

“Of course.” Hannibal shifted his position, turning slightly awkwardly so his ass faced Will and he was supporting himself on one hand and his knees. His legs spread further as he rocked his fingers into himself, twisting them every other thrust to help stretch the tight muscle.

Will's hands came to rest on Hannibal's ass, one thumb drawing small circles over the skin as the other pulled a cheek to the side more. It was hot to watch such a prim and proper man finger fucking his ass for Will's viewing pleasure.

As Hannibal added a third finger, he shifted his hands to pull the cheeks further apart, though he could still see clearly. He wondered if Hannibal felt the same thing he did when someone did the same to him. That feeling of exposure and slight exhibitionsistic glee. He repressed the strong urge to lean forward and bite down on one of the tight, rounded muscles.

His breathing was ragged as he watched, letting go of one of Hannibal's cheeks to instead stroke his own cock.

"Don't touch yourself." Came Hannibal's stern voice, though Will could hear the slight strain of arousal in it. "If you cum before I allow you, I'll not be best pleased."

"Nice of you to assume I'm into orgasm control." Will sniped, giving a sharp slap to Hannibal's ass and watching as he tightened around his fingers. That earned him no reprimand though and he bit his lip as he gave another, harder slap, testing the waters. This time it earned him a heavy exhale and the momentary halt of Hannibal's fingers.

"If you're not agreeable to it then by all means, spill yourself before you're even inside me."

"I'm nowhere near that close." Will chuckled, but did stop stroking himself, instead he gripped Hannibal's hips again as he seemed to finish stretching himself. Will was granted the sight of Hannibal's slick, stretched hole and couldn't help himself as he pressed a thumb into him, pulling the muscle to the side as much as he could. Hannibal's breath hitched and Will groaned at the view.

"There is protection on the side table, if you would," Hannibal prompted, pulling away from Will's grip to turn and face him again. Will reached over and grabbed the condom, wasting no time in tearing the wrapping and rolling it onto himself. He was about to move to make room for Hannibal to lay down, when he was pushed back down with a hand in the middle of his chest. The breath was forced out of him as Hannibal lent more weight onto that arm as be positioned himself.

There was the feel of Hannibal's other hand positioning him, before his cock was enveloped in tight heat. He groaned, reached out to grip Hannibal's waist, only to have his wrists grabbed and pinned above his head. Doing so had Hannibal leaning close enough to kiss, Will tilting his chin up in askance with a soft whine. Hannibal half obliged, only biting Will's lower lip as he began to move, rolling his hips slowly.

It was the first time Will had been in this position, having a man riding him and holding him down. The strength of his reaction surprised him, his cock straining inside Hannibal and his chest heaving as he tried to arch up against him, to move.

"Fuck, this is… ngh…" Will breathed, unable to put his thoughts in enough order to verbalize them. The pace picked up as Hannibal gave a low growl against his mouth, letting go of his wrists to grip Will by the hair instead. The bed creaked as they moved, Will unable to contain

the gasps and moans that clawed their way from his throat as Hannibal took what he wanted from him.

Hannibal adjusted his position, sitting up again and leaning back with a hand on Wills thigh for balance. Will could tell the exact moment his cock brushed Hannibal's prostate by the way he tightened around him and a strained moan fell from his lips.

The thrusts turned into a slow circular rocking motion and Will rolled his hips up to match the pace. Hannibal's cockhung heavy between them, bobbing with his movements and leaking precum with each press against his sweet spot. The fluid dripped from the slit and smeared over Will's skin.

The slick feeling of it made Will shudder, feeling blissfully dirty and marked already and knowing that feeling would only be amplified when Hannibal spilled against him. As Hannibal picked up the pace again, the sound of slick skin against skin filled the room, punctuated by rough groans and grunts, sweat glistening on their skin in the dim glow of the bedside lamp.

Looking up at Hannibal, Will was stuck with how good he looked like this. He'd obviously found Hannibal attractive from the get-go, but like this, he looked almost ethereal, some divine creature writhing on top of him.

Will was hit with the flash of an image, Hannibal bathed in blood and writhing on his cock, the red liquid their only lubrication as Wills hands opened wounds on his hips and spilled more of it across his skin. Horns split the skin of Hannibal's forehead, dribbling rivulets down into his eyes and filling them with crimson.

He gasped, sucking in a sharp, fearful breath at how arousing he found the image, almost spilling his load as and his hands dug bruises into Hannibal's thighs. Hannibal stopped, leaning over Will and panting as he brought a hand up, pushing his sweat damp hair from his forehead.

"Is everything alright? Would you like to stop or change position?" He asked, propping himself up with a hand above Will's shoulder.

"I'm fine." Will said with a shake of his head, leaning up to bury his face against Hannibal's neck, the feel of hot skin slick with nothing but sweat calming him, forcing him to remember that they weren't covered in blood. He slid his hands around Hannibal to grab at his rear, shifting his feet for leverage as he began pounding up into Hannibal to distract him.

A sharp gasp and moan were torn from Hannibal at the sudden movements, Will spreading him open with his hands as he fucked into him. Hannibal's head fell forward, resting against Will's clavicle, a hand on the headboard to stop his head knocking against it.

Each thrust pummeled against Hannibal's prostate and desperate moans filled Will's ears as Hannibal clenched around him suddenly, spilling hot where his cock was trapped between their bellies.

The thighness and slick between their bodies had Will tumbling over the edge just after, hips jerking unevenly as he buried himself as deep as he could. His jaw was clenched shut, lips parted and teeth pressing against Hannibal's shoulder as he fought the urge to bite down.

They stilled gradually, Will's hips still twitching as he let out a whimper, cock too sensitive now to handle being inside Hannibal much longer. He reached between them, holding the condom to the base of his cock as he pulled out, though they otherwise stayed in the same position.

After a solid minute, while they caught their breaths, Hannibal sat up and moved off Will, directing a satisfied smile in his direction.

"Thank you, Will," he said, leaning down to press a languid kiss to his lips.

"Never been thanked for sex before," Will laughed against him, threading his fingers into Hannibal's hair to pull him into another kiss. They lay there for a while, kissing and stroking each other's bodies, slowly exploring where they'd been too distracted by need to do so before.

After a while, Will pulled away, pulling the condom off and tying it, tossing it into the bin near the bed and wiping his stomach clean with tissues from the box on the side table. He handed some to Hannibal, watching unabashed as Hannibal wiped himself clean and discarded the soiled tissue.

"is it ok if I sleep here tonight?"

"Of course, the room is paid for until 11am tomorrow. Unfortunately I have an early morning tomorrow and must return home now. However, I have enjoyed myself tonight. Should you want to do this again, I shall leave you my number. Feel free to call or leave a message any time," Hannibal said, leaning over again to press a lingering kiss to the corner of Will's mouth, who turned his head to deepen it, pushing his tongue past those plush lips. Will was tempted to ask him to forget his early morning and stay for another round, but Hannibal pulled away with a smile and stood, moving to dress.

"Yeah, I had a good time too." Will told him, though made no promises to call. He watched Hannibal dress and bid him goodbye as he left, kissing at the hotel door while wrapped in nothing but the bedsheet. He flushed at the hungry look in Hannibal's eyes as he raked his gaze over him before the door closed and Will was left alone.

He looked down st the business card in his hand, groaning softly in annoyance as he noted the profession below the name.

Doctor Hannibal Lecter, Psychiatrist.

Making his way back to bed, Will splayed out on the sinfully comfortable mattress and thought back to the image that had been presented to him in the midst of passion. He closed his eyes and remembered the way the blood has glistened and dripped and burned, and soon he was hard again.

Reaching down, he wrapped a hand around himself, shuddering as he let the memory of the hallucination flow into a fantasy. Before he knew it he was cumming again with a strained cry, still sensitive and overwrought from his previous climax.

It left him feeling tired and empty, aching in his balls and thighs. He fell asleep feeling guilty and without cleaning himself up.

Weeks passed, cases blurred, Will felt his reality gradually slipping away, and that image of the horned beast riding his cock kept invading his mind at the most inappropriate times.

Jack was clearly worried about his distant, distracted and disturbed he seemed, because when he entered his office, It was to find a familiar man sat across the desk from Jack. There was no other reason for Hannibal Lecter to be here than in an official capacity, and as Will had been called here specifically and alone that meant psychological support for him.

Immediately the look on his face soured though he tried to hide it. He'd not called Hannibal since that night, wanting to avoid all associations with psychiatrists, knowing that if he found out about Will's issues, he'd want the same as all the others. To study him and writer papers on is empathy disorder and dig and dig into his psyche and unearth all the things Will didnt want to be unearthed.

The little meeting ran its course, Hannibal throwing Will knowing looks and Will throwing irritated ones right back. Will sniped and snarled and beat back his anger. Finally Jack let out an exasperated sigh.

"Do the two of you know each other already? I'm sensing some bad blood here. Is there something I need to know?"

"No," Will said at the same time as Hannibal replied with a 'yes'. Will shot him another irritated expression.

"We have met once before Mr Crawford. There is no bad blood from my side, as far as I'm aware we parted ways on amicable terms. However I believe the issue may be that Will was unaware I am a Psychiatrist. However, I don't believe this will be an issue in our working together, if Will agrees?" Hannibal gave Will a pointed look, and Will swallowed his anger, running a hand over his face.

He didn't want Jack to dig and find out the exact nature of their previous encounter, which he would if Will kicked up a fuss. He'd need to know why, and he knew Jack wouldn't let sleeping dogs lie.

"It won't be an issue," He said, terse. He bit back a scoff at the bright smile Hannibal gave him at this, and Jack, much to Will's relief, moved on shortly after.

Once the meeting was concluded, Will tried to escape without running into Hannibal alone, glad when he was pulled into the lab by Beverly to look at something from a case.

End Notes

plz feed me ur comments and kudos, I am a very hungry boy. I require fuel.

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